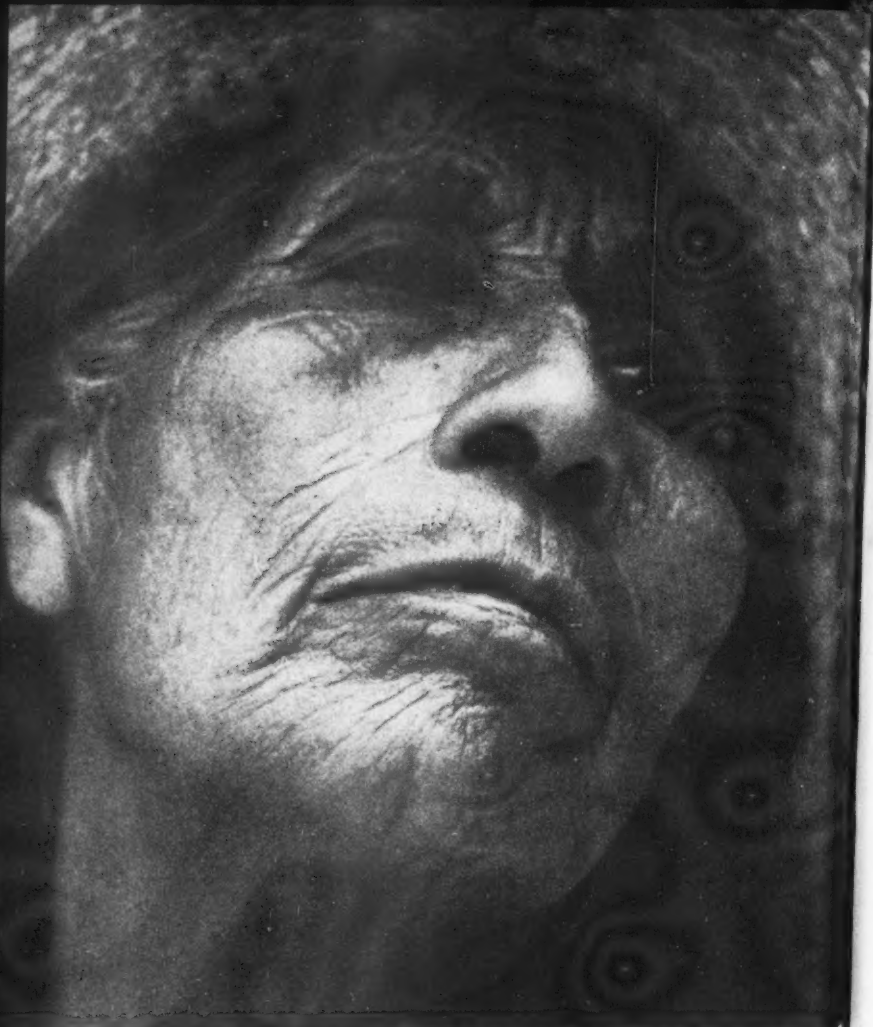


# Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR



NOVEMBER 1947



**THE LOWLY OF ALL THE WORLD** live in the deep lines of the face of Maria, the Indian woman. An earthly career means for her a struggle for food, fire and a roof-top, eased only by the Church which provides the Sacraments and the fiestas, and keeps sacred the memory of her beloved dead.

# Lo Yung and the Printed Word

by Bishop Adolph J. Paschang

CHAN YEUK-HON — Johnny to his pastor — lost the Holy Trinity out of his catechism. The loss cost Johnny a half hour of squirming when he didn't know the missing lesson, and it cost Johnny's father three cents for a new book. But it was a profitable loss, because the pages were found by Lo Yung, the literary-minded seller of knickknacks.

"I am a reader, but not a scholar," Lo Yung would say to describe himself. "I am a seller of merchandise, but not a merchant." He was content to make a simple living by selling a variety of trifles in his little corner stand. He didn't bother to "talk price" with customers, because he wanted to get rid of them quickly so that he could resume his reading of whatever scrap of literature then held his interest. His reading matter was mostly scraps because of his profound reverence for the written word.

The deep respect and veneration of the ancient Chinese scholars for the signs that recorded thoughts was a religion for Lo Yung, and he prac-



ticed it by daily going along the streets and gathering up every piece of paper on which there was writing. Saving the written word from desecration was meritorious, but it was also informing and entertaining. Between sales, the merchant would read his daily pickup, scrap by scrap: pieces of newspapers, hand bills, medicine wrappers, anything and everything. Having thoughtfully perused each fragment, Lo would stuff it in a big basket. When the basket was full, he would carry it to one of the ancient brick furnaces on which was painted this counsel: "Respect and pity the written paper." There the literature lover would burn his batch of scraps.

"One day a high-school student, rather bumptious with his smattering of "new science," stopped to have a little amusement with the old man.

"*Woy*, Grandpa!" he called. "What are you doing there?"

"Just picking up pieces of paper."

"Why, those dirty scraps are useless."

"They have writing on them."

"Oh, you are one of those behind-the-timers who still say, 'Rever the written word?'"

"Yes, Younger Brother."

"Ha! I suppose you expect to get a reward some day for picking up and burning these scraps of paper."

Then one day Lo Yung found the

pages lost from Johnny Chan's catechism. Here was such as he had never seen before: perfectly rhythmic phrasing that had an impossible meaning. "Three Persons, one Being; not three Beings, but one Being; not one Person, but three Persons; none first, none last, none greater,

none lesser; all equally eternal, equally almighty, equally good, equally wise; three Persons in one Lord of Heaven, not three

Lords of Heaven in three Persons."

Lo Yung read the words over and over, muttering them as if expecting to find in the sound a meaning not found in the sight. He who thus far had fathomed the meaning of every scrap he read, was baffled.

ON THE stool before the counter in Lo Yung's shop, an old customer seated himself for a smoke. Lo handed him the catechism pages and said, "Here, read this, and tell me what it means."

"Sounds like some nonsense from the foreign Lord of Heaven religion," answered his friend. "Burn it with the rest of your trash."

"But even if foreign, it should have a meaning. I can't read the scraps of foreign newspapers I pick up, and I don't know what the print means, but somebody knows."

"Sure, foreigners know foreign words. But these are Chinese words, and they mean nothing to a Chinese."

## OUR ADDRESS?

*It's Easy!*

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

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Lo Yung's friend sauntered away. But Lo Yung couldn't forget the words. He didn't stuff those stray pages in the basket; he smoothed them and laid them away, to be read over and pondered over at a later time. The words were so plain and yet so contradictory. He wondered what kind of book the pages were from; probably other pages would give a key to understanding.

After several days of hesitation, the old Chinese folded the mystifying pages carefully in his sweat-browned handkerchief, boarded up his corner shop, and trudged across the town to the Lord of Heaven Hall.

"I have something here that I found in the street. Apparently it comes from your honorable temple," he said as he handed the priest the begrimed pages. "Does it not?"

"It does," answered the priest.

"It is from one of our doctrine books."

"Ah! I am happy to return it."

"An unnecessary trouble on your part. Now, is there anything I can do for you?" The missionary had sensed that his visitor had something on his mind.

"As it happens, there is." Lo Yung tapped the pages with a long fingernail. "The meaning of those words is too deep for my comprehension."

"THOSE WORDS have mystified greater minds than yours and mine," said the priest. "There is an explanation, but it starts at the beginning of the book, ahead of these pages. If the venerable gentleman will be patient enough to listen, please sit down."

"Gladly, gladly!" agreed Lo Yung. During the half-hour summary of

the catechism, the old Chinese sat in rapt attention. When the priest finished talking, Lo Yung arose.

"I thank you. When one knows the beginning and the end, the middle is not unreasonable," he said. "Perhaps you can lend me the complete book, so that I may read and ponder at leisure."

"Certainly! And several other books besides."

To Lo Yung, those books were suddenly discovered treasures. He read them between customers, and daily he boarded up his stand and hurried across town for more explanations. Of course, he did not neglect to pick up scraps of paper along the way, but he no longer perused those scraps.



One day when Lo was at the furnace, the student who had questioned him strolled past again. "Woy, Grandpa!" he called. "I see that you are still revering the written word."

"That's right," answered Lo Yung.

"When do you expect to receive the reward for your meritorious acts?"

"I have already received it."

"Truly so?" asked the amazed student. "What is it?"

"The true religion," answered Lo Yung, and he continued to toss crumpled scraps into the furnace.

# BELOW THE BORDER

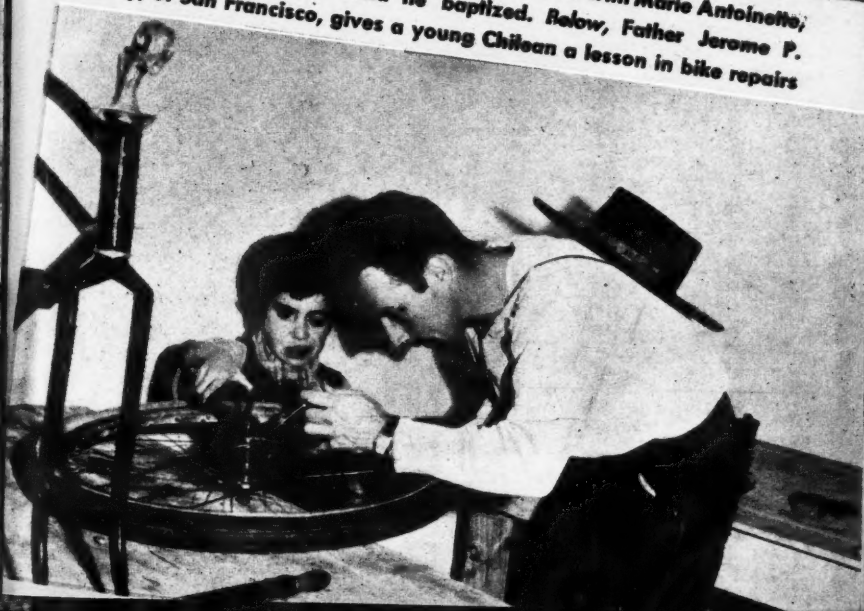
by Joseph A. Hahn



Many cures have been reported  
from this shrine in Temuco, Chile, where  
Father Leon A. Harter visits with "small fry"



**Father Vincent B. McConaughy, of Pittsburgh, poses with Marie Antoinette, a Puno orphan, the first child he baptized. Below, Father Jerome P. Garvey, of San Francisco, gives a young Chilean a lesson in bike repairs**





A progressive program in youth activities is sponsored in Ecuador by Father Bernard F. Ryan, of Chicago. Tony didn't really win, but he makes a picture

**Maryknollers in Ecuador** work in a land that promises great spiritual rewards. Tall, lanky Father Gerbermann, of Texas (right), chats with one of the belles in Vines, where he has built a thriving Catholic community. Below, Father Gerard J. Grandin, of Maine, and Brooklyn's Father William McDonald pose on the Vines water front with some youngsters who follow them everywhere





These young ladies (with Sister Mary Esther) are leading many to the Faith

## Apostles in Skirts

by Hugh A. Lavery

Nine Japanese-American young women have recently been awarded certificates for completing a teaching course sponsored by the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. These young ladies are working with us here in Los Angeles and will do catechetical work among their own people.

We are expecting much from these apostles in skirts. They are generous with their time. Their efforts have already helped twenty people to enter the Church.

Minnie Ono is a full-time catechist among English-speaking Japanese.

She visits the people in their homes, gives instructions to those who are studying Christianity, visits and instructs hospital patients, and teaches children after school and during vacation.

Another girl, Julia Horimoto, a student at Mount St. Mary's College, travels to Los Angeles every Friday evening to teach a class. She also instructs patients at a hospital in Santa Monica. Mutsuye Tsuruda works in the Maryknoll office in Los Angeles.

Marjorie Tsukamoto, Ida Kado, Mary Sato, Angela Suzuki, Patsy Matsumoto, and Tomi Hoshizaki are instructing Japanese children at the Burbank Trailer Camp. Through their efforts, many youngsters are getting a real appreciation of the Faith.

Our apostles in skirts are not dreamers. They are very practical young women. They have all the energy and initiative of the modern American girl. That's the secret of their success.

THE OTHER morning, as I left the church, a young Indian came up to me. He told me that he lived with his family and fifty-two other families, in the mountains at Tirani. The man who owned the land there had ordered the Indians to vacate the property at once. The small Indian villages here are still run under the old feudal system. The landowner, or patron, owns not only the land but the Indians as well! The patron gives each Indian a plot of land, and in return the Indians must work four days of the week for the patron and give him a percentage of the natural increase of their flocks.

According to my friend, the Indians were being put off the land because they had asked for an increase in wages — from five and a half cents a day to six cents.

After I had heard the story, I went into the house and told it to Father Lawler, the pastor. He immediately went to Cochabamba, to see a lawyer. In the lawyer's office, the pastor found the very patron he had gone to complain about. The

patron had the law on his side, but agreed to a meeting at his home.

When we arrived at the patron's farm, the Indians were lined up before the porch. On the porch sat the patron. Beside him was a lawyer, supplied by the government to represent the Indians. (The government is really trying to better the lot of the Indians.)

Father Lawler gave a talk to the Indians. He explained to them that by law the patron was not obliged to increase their wages, but that he could not force them either to leave or to remain on the land. The Indians then expressed their grievances. Back and forth the arguments were tossed.

Finally agreement was reached. The Indians were granted a half-cent raise. They received, also, water

## Walkout in the Andes

by Charles A. Brown

rights for a half hour each day (water is scarce here, and this was a big concession), and several other small advantages. In addition, the patron agreed to build a chapel and a school for the Indians.

The negotiations ended. The day had been long and drawn out, but profitable for our people. The Indians now know that we priests are trying to help them, and that we will not allow any one to take advantage of them. Because of these negotiations, we have their full confidence.







## Fellow Traveler in Kwangsi

He took time out  
to read  
the funny papers

by Joseph G. Cosgrove

Two flights of P-38's, bound for enemy-held Canton one day in 1943, roared over the Chuanhsien mission. The pastor, Father Edwin J. McCabe of Providence, Rhode Island, happened to be looking out his window as the flight leader suddenly found both his motors coughing. Having lost its air speed, the plane started a dizzy earthward plunge.

Later when the flight leader—Captain Ryan M. Moon, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma—recounted the incident, he admitted that he had

thought his number was up. How the motors caught again at the last second, he could not explain.

It was not surprising really. Father McCabe gave a simple explanation. "I went into conference with the Blessed Mother when I saw the plane starting to fall off," he said.

Devotion to our Blessed Mother is an integral part of Father McCabe's life. It is the driving force propelling a small, frail-looking man to accomplish results such as many other persons might only dream of.

Father McCabe's placid missionary career at Chuanhsien was interrupted by the memorable Japanese drive through central China, in 1944. Mission records, clothes, books, and church supplies were hastily dispatched to families in remote Christian villages. Vast throngs of refugees clogging the roads, fleeing southward, were given food and shelter.

The ensuing hectic months in this missionary's life were devoted to relief work, helping displaced Chinese to start anew in small businesses or finding jobs for those who could work for the American armed forces. The Japanese drove straight down central China's Changsha-Liuchow corridor. West of that corridor, in Kweichow Province, Father McCabe was offered a small church for use as his headquarters to help the ever-growing numbers of refugees.

Many of those unfortunates were suffering from exposure, malnutrition, and fatigue. Daily from early morning till late at night, Father McCabe dispensed medicine, interviewed and helped needy cases, and gave instructions on Catholic doctrine. His charitable and heroic ministrations in Kwangsi Province really call for several volumes, to detail the output of energy, zeal, and charity in the service of the Chinese people.

FATHER McCABE is possessed of an infectious sense of humor, with a deeply spiritual undertone of sacerdotal seriousness. The human qualities in his makeup endear him to all persons with whom he comes in contact. Youngsters at Chuanhsien know *Meh Shen Fu* far better than they know their teachers and officials for Father Teddy never walks or bikes anywhere without having his pockets filled with candy.

In his rare free moments, Father Teddy is inclined to tinker with his bicycle, or an alarm clock, or some bit of carpentry.

Returning from a seven-hour bicycle ride, he may simply say upon arrival: "Guess I'm a little tired. I'd

better relax. Got any funny papers?"

Before withdrawing from Chuanhsien, in the summer of 1945, the Japanese burned most of Chuanhsien city and its surrounding villages, and pillaged the country-side. Almost on the heels of the retreating invaders was lean-faced Father McCabe, anxious to return to his mission home. Again he met the "old story" of needy refugees and dispossessed natives. Long before UNRRA entered the picture, Father McCabe was again operating rice-gruel kitchens, conducting other relief agencies, burying the dead, and succoring the living.

THE ENEMY had killed off hundreds of water buffaloes, which were vitally needed by the farmers for their spring plowing. Supplied with American relief money, Father McCabe suggested to the native relief committee that, to meet the common emergency, they should purchase as many buffaloes as they could, and as quickly as they could. About seventy animals were procured. Father McCabe's plan was to divide the buffaloes into groups and have them driven from district to district, to prepare all the rice fields in that region.

One banker on the committee had his own ideas regarding the distribution of the water buffaloes. He did not like Father McCabe's plan, so he secretly reported the missionary to the Provincial Government, describing Father McCabe as "a Communist to be watched!"

"I am," Father Teddy says, when telling the story, "a fellow traveler — with our Blessed Mother — for the people."

# THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER



**Notes by Bishop Raymond A. La**  
**SUPERIOR GENERAL OF MARYKNOLL**

The Catholic Welfare Committee in China was organized by the Apostolic Delegate; it represents the Catholic hierarchy, which constitutes the General Advisory Committee.

The office of the Catholic Welfare Committee of China is in Shanghai. Its field is the whole of China. The intention or function of the Committee is not to replace existing relief agencies, but to represent the bishops and the missions, and to promote their interests in dealing with the relief organizations.

So far, the Welfare Committee has been engaged mainly in helping in the tremendous task of getting food and medical supplies — basic human needs — to the missions, which are spread over several million square miles of war-torn territory.

During the war, an altogether disproportionate amount of relief work was done by the Catholic missionaries. This happened because in many cases the missionaries *were the only foreigners* left living in the midst of the people. Staying with their people while they could, moving with the mass evacuations when the people moved, returning immediately to their own districts with the people when they moved back, working night and day to

alleviate all sorts of suffering, mental and physical. Many missionaries were possibly not up to the standard required of professional relief workers, but no one could have done more, no matter what their training. And what is to the point — the missionaries were there.

From 1937 on, the relief work was especially difficult because part of China was under Japanese rule and part under Chinese rule. Communications were practically cut off, and the Apostolic Delegate was more or less confined to Peking. Before his departure for Rome, Archbishop Zanin, the former Apostolic Delegate, officially set up the National Catholic Welfare Committee of China, and it began to function in the summer of 1946. Among the projects the C.W.C.C. will undertake are the following: (1) information concerning all welfare work in China; (2) a buying agency for all medical supplies; (3) a transportation department; (4) press releases; (5) a legal department; (6) an educational department.

The Catholic Welfare Committee has set up, also, a regional secretariate for South China, with an office at Canton. At present, Maryknoll's Father Paul J. Duchesne is head of the South China Regional Office.

+ *Raymond A. La*

## OUR HAMS

Recently one of our missionaries in Chile wished to tell his mother he was safe after an earthquake. Radio amateurs relayed his message to New York City. Now Maryknoll joins the world-wide fraternity of "radio hams." Call letters at the Seminary are W2QHV. Our seminarians have other stations at Venard College, in St. Louis, and in Bedford. The hobby is good mission training.



"Joseph's Coat"

is still blooming

# *The* ROSES

## of PADRE ZAVALLA

by Francis X. Lyons

WHEN I first met Padre Zavalla, he was the pastor of a small town in the mountains. Like most of the old priests in the inland villages of Ecuador, he led a lonely life. His parishioners were chiefly the colorfully clad Indians of the highlands. To the old adobe church, with its crumbling tower and its clear-sounding bell, they went for baptisms, marriages, and funerals; but their other contacts with their spiritual father were few.

Padre Zavalla was a tall, heavy-set man. Although well over sixty, he did not need glasses to aid his kind brown eyes. It was evident that the deep lines around his large mouth came from laughing much. His jowls had begun to sag after a serious illness, and this condition, combined with his unruly shock of hair, gave him the appearance of a big St. Bernard dog. Like all the priests of Latin America, he wore his cassock in the streets, even when a sick call took him out on his raw-

boned horse. On those occasions, he would turn his cassock up, secure it at his waist, and go jogging along with his trousers tucked inside his woolen socks. In the evenings, when he felt the chill of the night air, he would wear a light coat that reached to his ankles. "Shaggy" was the word for Padre Zavalla.

The padre lived in a two-story mud house next to the church. It had been built by some predecessor of his, and it had not been kept in repair. But in spite of poor surroundings, this lonely priest retained a sense of beauty.

I soon learned that my friend had two passions: one was photography, and the other was rose growing. How he ever became interested in cameras remains a mystery to me; perhaps, like many another young cleric, he had needed some interest to help fill the long days and longer evenings in some forsaken town. He became as good as any professional, as the years went by. When I made his acquaint-

ance, he was the proud possessor of a battered old plate camera with a mediocre lens, which he kept upstairs in his bedroom, away from prying eyes and meddlesome hands.

The walls of the little room that was his office, just inside the door of the house, were lined with all manner of photographs. Each one was in a frame, and each was exquisitely colored — for as time went on, the stark reality of an untouched photograph annoyed Padre Zavalla.

With true artistic ability, and an eye for color that could have come only from keen observation of nature in all her moods, he was accustomed to sit for hours at his little desk, with his photographs and his water colors. I think he was happiest when thus relaxed, and he never felt any need of other recreation.

No matter how many times I entered that little office, my artist friend would want me to look at all

those pictures on the wall again and exclaim over each in turn, as he explained to me the locale, the lighting, and all other details, which the true

enthusiast finds more absorbing than the resulting picture. I never objected, for I could have studied those magnificent enlargements for hours. There was one in particular that held me entranced, and I tried every art in my attempts to wheedle it away from the owner, but he always frustrated me. His photographs were really part of him — tangible products of his hands and mind.

The picture that I admired so much was a scene in the high sierra, fifteen thousand feet above sea level. No more beautiful scenery exists in the world, than that of those serrated, snow-covered mountains that rise majestically at the end of a seemingly endless expanse of flat plateau. This particular photograph was of a group of wild vicunas, standing still and apprehensive in the middle of a vast snow-covered plain, surrounded by the towering ice-clad mountains. There was not a human being in the picture, not a rock, not a blade of grass, nothing but those beautiful fawn-like animals in a great expanse of white.

Every time I looked at that wonderful photograph, I could feel the awesome solitude of those heights and recall the sharp pain in my chest from the rarefied air. I could remember the mornings when I had passed over those great plains, seeing the

frost still on the stubby ichugrass, hearing the rush of the cold mountain streams, and watching the glint of the early morning sun reflected from the

snowy mountains. I had to tear myself away from that scene, every time. No one, I believe, has ever taken photographs to equal those of Padre Zavalla!

His other passion, rose growing, was carried on in the small garden in front of the house. There was only one big bush, but that seemed to bear every type of rose known to the neighborhood. The priest was

**Do all your friends and relatives receive Maryknoll, The Field Afar? Why not send each a gift subscription? It will please them and help the missions. Price: one dollar a year. (See page 22.)**

# OF WHAT USE IS A GIRL?



We keep a dog  
to watch the house.



A pig is useful, too.



We keep a cat  
to catch a mouse.



What can we do with you?

— Chinese Nursery Rhyme

tireless in begging shoots from anyone he found in possession of a rare and uncommon species. Those shoots he grafted onto his big bush, and there always were several different sizes and colors of roses represented, so that the priest-gardener called his big bush the "Joseph's Coat plant."

Padre Zavalla was not a great man. He never erected a cathedral; he never made converts by the thousands; he was not even especially learned in advanced studies. But he was typical of most of his brother priests who work out their salvation in the many little towns below the Rio Grande. Like them, he lived a lonely life far from priestly company; he worked zealously for his Indians in so far as he could; and to guard against old age, he tried to save a few pennies from the pitiful stipends he received. Like his fellow priests, he had no sense of comfort. A bowl of rice, or a turkey — an easy chair, or an old box — anything was welcome, and inconvenience made no difference to him. He found his pleasures in the simple, lovely things of life; his pictures and his roses. A simple man, Padre Zavalla!

I was far away when Padre Zavalla fell sick. A friend wrote to tell me that one evening the aging priest had suffered a heart attack and had been carried to the nearest big town and placed in a hospital. His parishioners expected his death, and that evening they entered his poor house and carried away his moldy camera and the pictures from his wall. The next morning he died.

I suppose the roses are still blooming on his "Joseph's Coat plant"!



# Presenting

# Houdini Wong

by Francis G. Murphy



There are certain characters in these parts who are known as "Scholars of Religion." Technically, they are pagan priests, but actually they are first-class magicians with bags of tricks to convince the people that the Devil is on their side. They are in big demand for pagan celebrations, and their popularity is governed by the number of tricks they can perform.

Recently a village in South China held a "shindig," and of course invited the pagan priests. Amid much fanfare, the "scholars" gave their performance. It was announced that some of the priests would climb "a mountain of swords." A rope ladder that had sharp knives as rungs was hung up; several priests then ascended that ladder barefooted. Another trick was the one called "walking the road of fire." A charcoal fire was built, and the priests walked through it barefooted.

When these feats were performed, the people were exceedingly impressed. But there was one exception: a fourteen-year-old lad named Wong Toy. He was heard to announce: "Those tricks are easy. Why, I could do them myself?"

The people didn't like this remark. "Listen to the crazy country boy!" they cried. "He thinks he can do these

feats. Doesn't he know that the scholars must fast forty days, during which time they invoke the gods for their powers?"

But the boy insisted. Finally, a man in the crowd called out: "Let him try!

When he cuts his feet on the knives, his impious foolishness will be repaid."

The crowd made way for Wong Toy. The lad took off his sandals and climbed the ladder of swords. He moved far more quickly than the priests had. Some spectators examined his feet; they were not cut. Then Wong slowly walked through the fire; his feet were not burned. Upon being questioned by the crowd, Wong explained his success.

"The tricks are simple," he declared. "I noticed that, when the priests climbed the ladder, they placed the balls of their feet against the flat side of each sword. Then their weight pushed the sharp edge to a more horizontal position. In this manner it is simple to ascend the swords safely. As for the fire, I noticed that the priests walk upon it only at night, after it has burned all day. By nightfall, a layer of ash has formed. It is not visible at night, because of the glow, but it is thick enough to prevent burns."

The people marveled at Wong Toy. The pagan priests lost much face.

## PEACE AGAIN at HEAVEN'S GATE

### A simple story of grand achievement

by John T. H. Joyce

A graveyard in Sunwui, South China, was the scene of Maryknoll's first efforts to alleviate the sufferings of lepers. There Fathers Joseph Sweeney and Francis Connors built homes of coffin boards and bamboo.

In 1938, the old colony was moved to a new site, on land granted by the Chinese Government. The place was named "Gate of Heaven." There fresh water, good farm land, a fish-filled stream, new red-brick buildings, a large chapel, a real hospital with resident doctor and nurses, all contributed to the well-being of the patients.

Father Connors died in 1939. Father Joseph Farnes took his place, and the work went on, despite the fact that China was at war. Food and medicine from Hong Kong were smuggled through the Japanese blockade. The number of lepers increased. Doctor Bagalawis, a Filipino, was the resident medical man.

In 1939-40, the Chinese within a distance of twenty miles began to visit the colony in search of medical aid, as the doctor at our asylum was the only skilled one in that section of the Canton delta. A dispensary



was set up in one wing of the chapel. Naturally, some of those out patients, who were non-lepers, needed hospitalization; so gradually a mat-shed hospital was built along the river. In this branch, nurses who were not lepers were trained, and the number of beds and mat-sheds increased, until there was a seventy-bed hospital.

As the war came closer, the beds of this hospital were occupied by Chinese soldiers — guerrillas — and the place became almost a base hospital. In April, 1941, the Hong Kong Government asked permission to send their lepers to our colony, because lepers could no longer be sent to the leper colony at Sheklung, near Canton, due to the war. Father Sweeney gave permission, and 196 men and women patients arrived by junk from Hong Kong. The total of lepers at the asylum was then 450; with the non-leper patients at the hospital, we had well over 500 inhabitants at the colony.

At about that time, Father Sweeney left for Hong Kong, to buy medicines. Shortly afterwards I arrived, also in transit to Hong Kong. However, Father Sweeney had taken the last boat, as the Japanese made another move and cut off that section of the coast. Father Sweeney couldn't get back, and that left Father Farnen alone at the asylum

with 196 patients — an unenviable job. I felt that the best thing for me to do was to stay with Father Farnen.

On June 3, 1941, the Japanese occupied the fort directly across the river from the colony — just 600 yards away. From then on, there was no peace. Although we had American and Red Cross flags all over the hills, the Japanese would shoot over them. A few Chinese walking along the river path were killed, and several were wounded.

The daytime shooting was a deliberate sort of thing. The whine of bullets going overhead made for uncomfortable living. The soldiers had all been moved away from the hospital before the Japanese took the fort, but we still had other patients there. As the hospital was the unit nearest to the fort, it was in the path of much shooting.

One day the children of staff members were playing close to the pigpens. A bullet flew over the children's heads and broke a water crock standing between the two pigpens. One father came to see me later in the day, much excited over the incident. His remark was one we later used on many a similar occasion. He said, "Another foot to either the right or the left, and one of the pigs would have been killed?"

Father Sweeney returned in September, after a most harrowing trip.



## PRAYERS, PLEASE

**W**ILL you, too, remember the following requests we have received for prayers?

Persons sick.....	1,860
Persons deceased.....	796
Persons in the services.....	315
Other special intentions.....	2,110



**China has more lepers than any other country. Poverty is a helping cause**

The blockade runner he was on was spotted by two Japanese vessels. A battle took place in the darkness of the China Sea. His boat was lost, along with all the medicines, food, and equipment he was bringing back. Father Sweeney dived overboard and swam for six hours before reaching a sparsely inhabited island. There, after basking in the sun for two days, he was taken in by some friendly Chinese, and sheltered. The local people kept the American priest well hidden until they finally secured a junk and brought him to the mainland. After he returned, I went back to Sancian Island.

Just before Pearl Harbor, I went over to the mainland. I was in and out of the leper colony until the spring of 1944. Then I took over from Father Sweeney, who was about to return to the States for a much-needed rest.

During this time, a plague of diarrhea struck the colony and the surrounding country. We were having three and four funerals daily. The nurses were ill. No one was strong enough to carry the coffins. Outside help was hired to dig the graves and act as pallbearers. Lumber ran out, until only enough was left for two coffins; those two were painted, made to look as nice as possible, and kept for repeated use. The system was to wrap the dead body in mats, put it into the coffin, and carry it to the grave. There the body was taken out and buried, still wrapped, and the coffin was carried back for the next case.

Rumors were then going the rounds to the effect that the Japanese were moving out of that section. In fact, we grew so confident that we again reserved the Blessed Sacrament. Our troubles were just beginning, however, for on March 24 we received word that the Japanese had crossed the river, five miles above the asylum.

Father Farnen consumed the Blessed Sacrament, while I stationed leper watchmen on the hills about the asylum. The watchmen arrived too late; for by the time they reached the top of the hills, the Japanese were already at the foot and could not be seen. Fortunately, I was standing on a cliff, with a view up-river, and saw the first eight Japanese as they entered the colony grounds. Father Farnen and I then went over the hills.

The Japanese saw us, but they thought we were Chinese. When they found out their mistake, they sent forty men after us. As we knew

the roads, we escaped, but at one point the fighting of the guerrillas was all that saved us.

The lepers were then forced out of the asylum. Two who could not move were killed, and the houses were burned over them. The other houses were fumigated, and then occupied by the Japanese soldiers, after the furniture had been burned.

We gathered the lepers in the hills behind the asylum and started from scratch, just as Fathers Sweeney and Connors had done twelve years earlier. Small mat-sheds were built. Rice was borrowed because the seven tons recently bought had been lost. The Japanese moved again, cutting us off when we were out trying to borrow money to buy more rice.

No funds could get through at that time, so we really begged. The guerrillas loaned us several tons of rice and kept things going for awhile, but the picture got blacker every day. The lepers then started coming through the Japanese lines when the food gave out. We met them on the other side and set up new stations; but the long walk, combined with the starvation diet, took its toll.

In August, 1945, the Japanese moved out of the asylum, and we moved back. Four buildings had been destroyed. The chapel was without altar, benches, windows, or doors; its floor was a foot deep in cow dung. Every house had lost its furniture, windows, and doors. The whole colony was knee-deep in grass and filth. Flies, mosquitoes, and lice added to the picture of ruin.

Father Sweeney has returned to the asylum and is now putting things in order again.

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**I**F YOU have a friend who is interested in travel — why not give him or her a year's subscription to *The Field Afar*? Our magazine is filled with stories and pictures of far-off, exotic lands.

If your friend is adventurous, *The Field Afar* is for him. Its pages pulse with stories of danger and hardihood on three continents. There is hazard in the front lines of the Faith.

If your friend is a Catholic — he will rejoice in reading about the great work our Church is doing to spread God's word today. If he is not a Catholic, he will be glad to know what American young men are doing to win friends for our way of life abroad.

*The Field Afar* is a gift in the spirit of Christmas. Your money serves twice: it gives the magazine to your friend and the Gospel to the world. The subscription price is \$1 a year, or \$5 for six years.

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Fill in the blank below. If it has not enough space, write extra names on a separate sheet and pin it to the blank.

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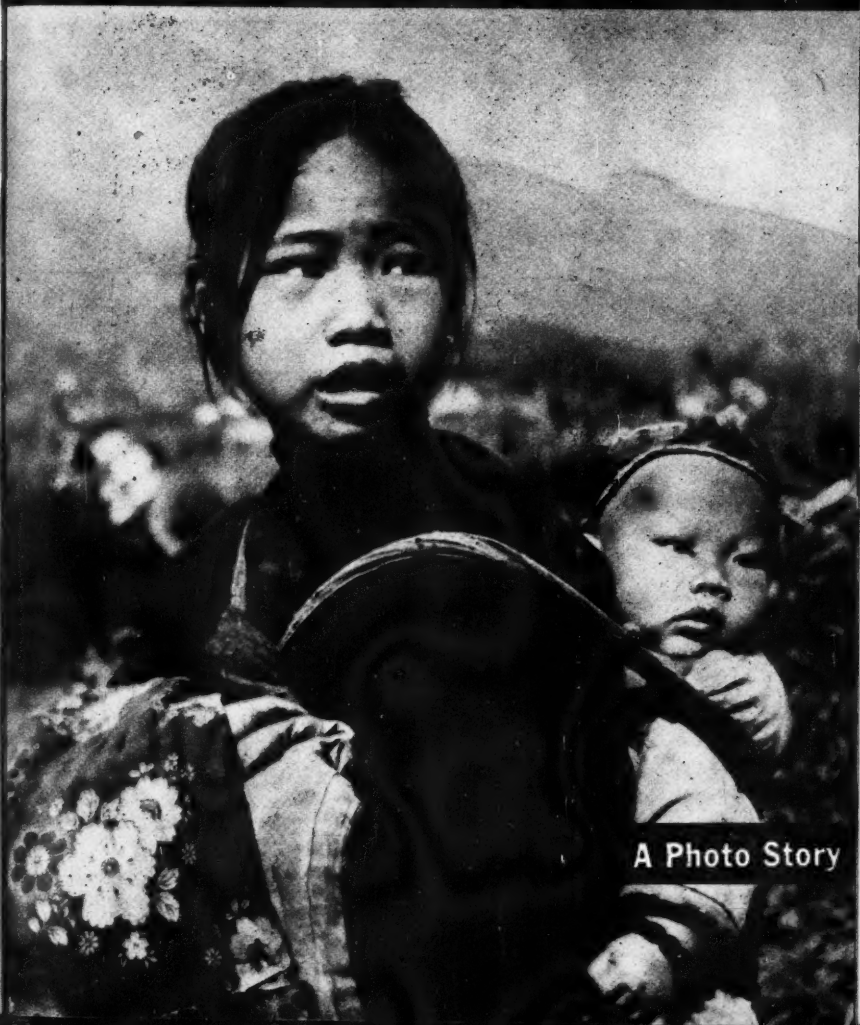
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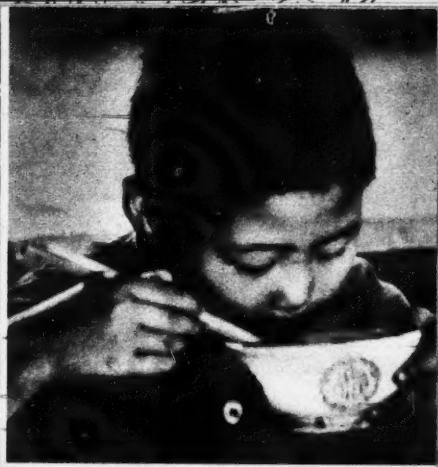
*food, clothing, shelter, peace . . .*

# THE DESPERATE MILLIONS









Here they are — China's millions.  
Victims of wars, floods, famines.  
They desire only to remain alive.  
Would you say they ask too much?

Youngsters orphaned by the war;  
old folks made homeless. There  
is good earth, but no means of  
cultivation. Water buffaloes to  
plow the land have been killed  
for food. Farm implements have  
vanished in war's wake. China  
won the war, but how great was  
the price! The Horsemen of the  
Apocalypse—pestilence, famine,  
war—ride roughshod over this  
great nation. Look at the faces of  
these Chinese. Study them well.  
Then turn away if you are able.  
Then try to forget their grief.





**Maryknoll missionaries (above) study the harvest. Here is hidden the answer whether orphans will hear answered their prayer: "Give us this day . . ."**



# LOOK OUT FOR EVERYBODY

**Y**OUR WORLD is as small or as big as you make it. The Catholic world has a circumference of some 25,000 miles and is populated by some two billion people. That is the size of the world as it really is, but few people think and act on a scale big enough to embrace all the world.

The Church's task is to make Catholics realize the size of the world and the responsibility of the Church for all the people in it. Every one of the two billion people has a soul and belongs to God; every one is the responsibility of the Church, should have the Gospel preached to him, and should be made an active member of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Of the two billion inhabitants of the earth, one third use knives and forks in the process of feeding themselves, one third choose chopsticks, and the final third prefer to use their fingers. At the risk of oversimplifying, we may divide these three groups into two religious classes: those who believe in Our Lord, and those who do not. Most of those whose table etiquette dictates the employment of knives and forks are Christians, while the majority of those who traditionally use chopsticks or their fingers are non-Christian.

Were it possible, therefore, to conduct a world-wide referendum to select and to name the Supreme Being, the majority vote would not be given to God, the Father of all, since most of the world's populace neither know Him nor believe in Him.

Even though all the people of the earth belong to God, who made them, comparatively few belong to His Church. That is because no one ever told the hundred millions about the Church God instituted. As a result, an estimated forty-five million persons die each year outside the Catholic Faith, without benefit of the sacraments and without knowledge of the Holy Name that they should call upon with their last breath.

Only about three hundred million of the earth's two billion people, are Catholics. The other sheep, who are not of His fold and who should be brought into it, number about seventeen hundred million. There is room in heaven for every one of those millions, and for all their descendants till the end of time.

Our Lord died to make that room. He instituted the Church to seek out His people, to make them His children, and thereby to populate heaven with saints. The Church on earth faces no housing shortage, but it does experience an embarrassing soul shortage.

About a billion and a half people over the earth are non-Christian. These are not Catholics, and they are not members of any Christian denomination. But — "How then shall they call on him, in whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe him, of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear, without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent?" (*Romans x:14-15*)

To reach this group, the Catholic Church has, it is estimated, eighty thousand foreign-mission priests, Brothers, and Sisters. These are not inconsequential, but their number is too small for the task.

On the mountain, when Christ wished to feed the thousands, His apostles found only a few loaves and a few fish. "But," Saint Andrew asked Our Lord, "what are these among so many?"

God, indeed, could perform a miracle again, to take care of the vast multitude, as He did in answer to this question from Andrew. But He has chosen to work through human instruments, and those instruments are His priests.

For some people, the world is too big — but it has never been big enough for those apostolic hearts that burn with zeal for the things of God. The Church is made up of all peoples of the earth. To be a citizen of the wide world, comes naturally as well as super-naturally to every good Catholic. It is not possible to be a good Catholic and yet refuse one's share of responsibility to the two billion living souls created by God.

To reach the masses, vocations are needed. Your diocese needs priests, Brothers, and Sisters; the religious orders, both active and contemplative, lack sufficient subjects; the home missions are understaffed; and the fields afar are woefully short of personnel.

A young man or woman who feels the call of Christ, should pray to the Holy Ghost for light and guidance, receive the sacraments frequently, choose a confessor and follow his advice, discuss the matter with pastor and parents.

---

***Any boy interested in becoming a Maryknoll missionary should write to:***

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Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date of birth \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_ School \_\_\_\_\_

City, Zone, State \_\_\_\_\_ Class \_\_\_\_\_



# Mission-land Riddles



IN THE FOLK LORE of people of every land the humble riddle plays an important part. Here are some gathered from our mission countries. You'll find them difficult. Answers below.

## I — JAPAN

When you use it, you throw it away. When you do not use it, you bring it back.

## II — KOREA

Washing makes it dirtier and dirtier. It is cleaner without washing.

## III — CHINA

It is over, *yet* not over.  
It is under, *yet* not under.  
It cannot be over, but must be under.  
It cannot be under, but must be over.



## IV — CHINA

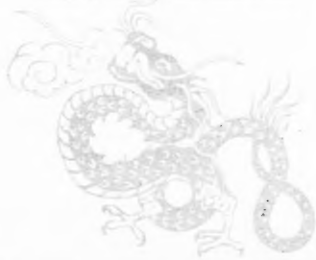
Add me together and I make 21. I cause many people to lose their possessions. But I am not to blame.

## V — AFRICA

It goes out of the house empty and comes back full.

## VI — CHINA

They cross the sea and do not ride on a ship. They kiss each other but it means nothing. They marry each other and do not live together. They die and are not dead.



ANSWERS — I. An Anchor. II. Water used for washing clothes. III. A horizontal line. IV. A dice cube. V. A water bucket. VI. Actors in a play.



# I Refused a Poor Man's Rice

by Francis J. Lynch



It was a morning in early spring. I was fixing my bicycle, and talking to the washwoman. She was telling me about a pagan family who were starving to death in her village. At the beginning of the winter, their rice ran out, and they started to live on one meal a day of sweet potatoes. Now they were reduced to eating old sweet-potato vines. From this diet the father had fallen ill.

I finished fixing my bicycle and rode down to Peaceful Wooden Mountain Village. The Catholic leader of the village led me to the home of Yeung Sz Shuk, the sick man. We found him lying on some straw on the floor. His leg and foot were one complete ulcer, and he was so weak that he could hardly move. As I was leaving, his wife and son came in. She was a thin little woman, growing bald from malnutrition. The son, Ah Shui, seemed in a daze from starvation.

I went home and took down *Black's Manual* and read everything I could find about ulcers. In the afternoon I returned to the village. I gave the family some rice and money. She and her husband asked me to stay for supper.

Then I did the wrong thing. I

refused, not wishing to use up rice. They thought I had misunderstood, and asked again. I told them that my own cook was waiting for me. The answer was to them like a slap across the face. Their expressions changed from joy to hurt. I saw my mistake, but it was too late. After that they were always polite, but there seemed to be an obstacle between us.

I went to their home every day for four months, to treat the sick man. His leg healed, but stomach trouble began. I saw that he didn't have much time to live, so I asked if he wished to be baptized.

The man was willing, and the catechist gave him the necessary instructions. I baptized him, and on that same day he died. The village Catholics came to the dead convert's home, said special prayers, and recited the Rosary. I bought the coffin, and we gave him a real Catholic funeral, with firecrackers and banners.

The wife and son did not enter the Church. Other pagans who witnessed our charity became converts. Often, when I pass Sz Shuk's grave, I wonder if results would have been better if I had agreed to eat this poor man's rice.

# Maryknoll

## The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

Maryknoll P. O., New York

### Crossroads

American prestige is world-wide in our day. International leadership is knocking at our door. Our people never consciously aspired to it, nor are they particularly anxious to exercise it now that it has been thrust upon them. It came unsolicited. But there is the invitation, and they must decide what to do with it. They can refuse the role. They can turn their backs on the rest of the world and bid the world lead itself whither it

will, perilous as such a policy may seem in a world that has shrunk so small. They can temporize with it, flirt with it at random, rush into it one minute and back out of it the next, put their worst foot forward, promote the wrong measures, emphasize trifles and ignore essentials, bewilder and discourage their friends and themselves by shifting and drifting, never decide just what to give to the world and how to give it—even as they are doing now.

Or our people can adopt a definite program that would measure up to what the world sorely needs and reasonably expects from a brother nation so exceptionally favored. This last course would require careful elaboration and equally careful limitation. It would not need to include the supervision of the world, or any unwarranted interference with any part of it. It would have to confine itself to a few important principles and a few definite objectives deemed practical. A curtailed and modest program of this sort would not cure every international ill. It would readily cure one of them, however, and that one is the painful confusion that now exists in the minds of many people, not only outside but inside our own country, as to the degree and kind of influence that America should exert in the world.

### Goodly Heritage

It is by the inherent force of pressing world realities that the American

people are invited to take a leading role on the world stage in our generation. It is not by reason of any superiority, real or fancied, of their own. They have their own fair share of defects and are fully conscious of them. In many respects they have much to learn from the rest of men. They do not feel specially qualified to make over the lives of other people. They are not particularly admired for their culture; they are not expected to teach art to the Italians, music to the Germans, and courtesy to the Chinese. Their education nobody wants, and few would tolerate their cuisine. But the simple fact is that Americans knew how to lay the foundations of a free, progressive, prosperous, and happy country — and scarcely anybody else has managed to do the same. In their possession of a few salient moral and political principles, the American people stumbled on the vital sources of national well-being that so many other peoples failed to discover. They are justly proud of this heritage. They can afford to stand up for it before the world. And they can logically believe that what wrought their national salvation will prove able to do the same for their brother nations, if adopted and adapted and applied. They might well disseminate it out of charity, if they wish to see the rest of the world prosperous and happy. They might well promote it out of self-interest, if they hope to see the rest of the world keep the peace. The reality is that America

with all its faults — and they are many and grave — is the only country in the world that enjoys security and order and affluence and complete liberty today. What other nation has not seen its institutions topple all around it? What other people have not been disillusioned and discouraged? The unmerited good fortune of America makes it the logical hope of a stricken world in the world's unmerited misfortune.

### Receptive Mood

Some countries will not consciously look to America. Some countries will deny that they look to America. Some countries will make a studied profession of looking away from America. Nevertheless, all will look to America in some fashion, in default of looking in any other reassuring direction. Yet not one of them will look for the right things. They will look first and foremost for the largesse that our generous people donate to so many good causes in so many charitable forms. When they look further, it will be to seek the newfangled extravagances that make our country notorious, not the old-fashioned principles that made it great. What other countries want is our material prosperity. They deserve to have it, but they are not anxious to tread the path that leads to it. That path is paved with our political principles.

# The Maryknoll Roundup

**Lady Barbers.** Our former Hawaiian correspondent — Father James Ryan Hughes, of Philadelphia, who is now relocated as a professor at Maryknoll Seminary — tells us that the best barbers in Hawaii are Japanese women. These female tonsorial artists made a big hit with G.I.'s.



Father Hughes

In one shop a woman barber happened to mention that she wished to improve her English. Two G.I.'s immediately showed interest. One, a wise lad, passed a few indiscreet remarks; the other offered to help the young lady. This polite G.I. turned out to be a Catholic chaplain. The lessons in English gave way to spiritual matters, and the young lady is now a Catholic.

**Tobacco-chewing Gazelle.** "Blackie the cat is yowling his misery," reports Father William Collins, from



Father Collins

Central Africa, "all because Goo-goo is no more." Goo-goo was a pet gazelle, which crawled into a bush near the church and died. Death was due to an overdose of cigarette stubs that Goo-goo was last seen eating. Chief mourner is Blackie who had grown fond of the gazelle. Also from the animal corner, Father

Collins reports the visit of a lion in his house. "So help, me," he writes, "a lion came in and grabbed me by the ankle! But I just reached down and tickled it in the tummy and it rolled over on its back, gurgling. It was only two months old." The communique from our African outpost concludes with a report on an honest-to-goodness baboon hunt. Father Collins met some baboons on a mountaintop, but the animals barked and ran away before any damage was done.

**Funny Business.** The "comic book" craze has finally reached the Bolivian jungles. Father James V.

McCloskey, of New York City, informs us that the youth of Riberalta carry comic books everywhere they go. In an attempt to promote good literature, Father Mac imported the Spanish edition of *Timeless Topix*, a comic book put out by the Catechetical Guild of St. Paul. Three hundred copies disappeared in a week.



Father McCloskey

**Egg Hatchery.** Sometime ago we learned that ducks in South China do not hatch their own eggs. For awhile we were puzzled as to how the duck line was continued. Now Father Cyril Hirst, of Philadelphia,

provides us with the answer. The Chinese refuse to be outdone by any duck! They take the eggs from the duck's nest and place them in rice or between quilts, and then keep the temperature even. Nature does the rest.

**War and Peace.** "I guess you have heard what a wild place Paksha is. The people there have the reputation of being the most active bandits along the West River,"



**Father Sprinkle**

writes Paksha's new pastor, Father Russell Sprinkle, of Middletown, Ohio. "Since the war, the bandits of Paksha have modernized their equipment. They have good machine guns, mortars, light field pieces, and rifles. The Church is well known, and the priest is free to go anywhere. Last year the people called Father Stephen Edmonds (of Cambridge, Massachusetts) to negotiate a truce between two feuding villages. There are about 1,800 Catholics in the region."

**Arrested for Speeding.** "The news of the week down here in Curepto,

Chile," writes Father Edward Brophy, of Lexington, Kentucky, "is that Father Joseph Rickert was picked up by the local police, for speeding. According to the constabulary, the Padre went through the center of town at too fast a clip. He was overtaken and hailed before the magistrate. There he was sternly told that one shouldn't ride a horse so fast. So the Padre and his horse, Pancho, travel sedately now."

**Two Baths a Week.** Down Guatemala way, Father Arthur Allie, of Two Rivers, Wisconsin, has begun a school for training catechists. He brings boys from the country districts to the central mission at Huehuetenango. The school is patterned after a seminary, and the term lasts one month. Each student gets a haircut, is instructed to take two baths a week, and is given clean clothing. It is expected that the students will return to their villages and teach the Indian children what they have learned. Thus it is hoped that the remote country people will know their Faith better.



**Father Allie**

## WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS?

### IN THE PACIFIC

**JAPAN** — In the Prefecture of Kyoto.  
**KOREA** — Temporarily in Seoul (Vicariate of Peng-Yang closed to Americans).

**MANCHURIA** — Diocese of Fushun.

**SOUTH CHINA** — Dioceses of Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow; Prefecture of Kwelin; also in Diocese of Hong Kong.

**HAWAIIAN ISLANDS** — In Diocese of Honolulu.

**PHILIPPINE ISLANDS** — Postwar work as yet undetermined.

### IN LATIN AMERICA

**BOLIVIA** — Vicariate of Pando; also in La Paz, Cochabamba, and Santa Cruz.

**CHILE** — In Dioceses of Talca, Chillan, Temuco, and parish in Santiago.

**PERU** — In Diocese of Puno; among Chinese in Lima.

**ECUADOR** — In Archdiocese of Guayaquil.

**CENTRAL AMERICA** — In the Huehuetenango region of Guatemala and in two other areas of the north.

### IN AFRICA

**TANGANYIKA** — In Vicariate of Musoma-Maswa.

# Motokara

VERSUS

## the People

by Louis I. Bayless

I saw Motokara the other day. He was outside the Musoma jail, breaking rocks. He whispered to me that there were only three more weeks due on his sentence.

Motokara is a pagan who lives near our Nyegina mission, here in Central Africa. His trouble began when he became embroiled in an argument with Blanketi, another pagan. How the argument started, no one recalls, but it soon became violent. In fact, Motokara was proceeding with great gusto to alter the shape of Blanketi's head, when the Law stepped in.

Motokara was hailed before the local court. This tribunal is presided over by the chief of the village, Gabrieli, who is a good Catholic. The case was easy. Blanketi, still on his feet but a bit wobbly, was Exhibit A for the prosecution. Motokara, having never heard of the plea of "temporary insanity," could only plead guilty. He was fined fifty shillings, or about ten dollars.

But Motokara did not give up, he



appealed to a higher tribunal, the Native Court. This is presided over by the tobacco-chewing chief of the area, one Masiri. By this time Motokara had rounded up several witnesses, who testified that he was miles away at the time of the assault. Don't be surprised at this; the judge wasn't. That official shifted his plug of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other. Then he dismissed the ap-

peal and revised the fine — he added five dollars more.

Nothing daunted, Motokara appealed to the Supreme Native Court, which is held in Musoma. This tribunal consists of six chiefs from the various districts. But this appeal failed; the conviction was upheld. The decision of the chiefs' court was submitted to the local Government official for approval.

Motokara was through, indeed. However, he was a bit slow in paying his fine, so two local policemen were sent to jog his memory. Once again Motokara's temper got the better of him. Throwing caution to the winds, he punched a policeman in the nose.

That's why Motokara is now breaking rocks.

A lesson in charity  
from Japan

## FATHER WINTHROP

# Frees His Jailor



by John C. Murrett

Father Winthrop was puzzled. "I can't figure him out," he said, somewhat sadly, and a big sigh came up from his heart.

I knew that, if I waited, I'd soon hear the whole story. It was Wednesday, the day Father Winthrop always went to the sanatorium to visit tuberculosis patients.

He had often told me he always asked the Japanese nurse for a list of those patients who were dying, and they were the ones who received his special attention.

"Last week," he said, "I was given a man's name, and I approached his bed. His eyes were closed, but as I spoke, he slowly opened them. I had never seen anyone so frightened as he was then! I told him that there was nothing to fear, that God loved him, and that death was but going to sleep here and waking up with God. He never said a word — didn't even give me a sign — but just stared at me, and seemed very frightened. I thought sure he'd be gone before I could get back there today, but no — he's still holding on. He listened

quietly enough while I explained the necessity of baptism and the truths of the Faith. His eyes never left my face all the time, but he wouldn't answer me a word. He hasn't refused to see me; still, I fear that I'm wasting time."

Father Winthrop laughed quietly after a moment. "I find myself praying that he'll be there when I go back next week. I did tell the nurse that, if he asks for me at any time, she is to call me at once."

In the many tasks of the following week, I almost forgot about the man in the sanatorium, but not Father Winthrop.

Father was late coming in to dinner the next Wednesday, and when he did arrive, he moved slowly, and I began to think that perhaps he was getting old, and that the sanatorium work was too much for him. A quiet, happy light was in his eyes, though, and I knew that he had been successful with his puzzling patient.

"Did you baptize him?" I asked breathlessly.

"Yes, thank God! And he gave me



a very fine lesson, too."

"He gave you a lesson?" I asked.

"In charity," he remarked simply. "This morning the man seemed to be waiting for me. He looked very ill; I thought he wouldn't live the day. Before I said a word, he spoke. 'Don't you know me?' he asked. I told him that of course I knew him. 'No, no!' he said, 'Don't you recognize me? Have you never seen me before you came to this hospital?' I told him that I thought not; I really couldn't place him. Then the fear seemed to leave his eyes, and he smiled. I had to lean close to catch his words — his voice was nearly gone. 'I am the policeman who put you in prison when the war began,' he told me — and the fear came back into his eyes. 'You do not hold it against me? You forgive me?' he asked. I told him that I never had held it against him for merely doing his duty. And even if he was the one who was unnecessarily rough with me, that wouldn't stop me from freeing his soul from the prison of pagan-

ism. He assured me he was not the rough one — he was the one who came to my mission and took me to the prison, and he had never seen me again until two weeks ago.

"Well, we had a good laugh over that, and then I got down to business. I was much surprised that he had remembered everything I've been saying to him in the two weeks. He was well prepared, so I asked him, 'Do you wish to be baptized?' His answer almost floored me: 'If it will make me as good as you are, yes.' I never felt more unworthy in all my life!"

That evening, I was not surprised to find Father Winthrop staying late in church. When we came back to the house together, we met Suzuki, who was holding the telephone receiver. "It's for you, Father," he said to the pastor. And I thought I knew what the message would be.

Father Winthrop turned to me. "He died five minutes ago. He asked the nurse to — to — say thanks to me for letting him out of prison."

## STOP KILLING DRAGONS

A book of essays on  
China, addressed to  
St. George, by Mary-  
knoll's Father George  
Krock. Illustrations by  
Weda Yap.

McMullen, \$2.50



Available at any bookstore and at Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll, N. Y.

# Tough Trail to Atap

by Sister Anne Marie

Up at 4:30. A brief breakfast — and we were on the trail by 5 a.m.

The moon and stars vanished in the first mile. An hour's brisk walk brought us to Lucy's house. She is an Igorot girl in her twenties, who teaches fifty children in a one-room schoolhouse. Lucy is a grand Catholic; she speaks several mountain dialects and knows a maze of trails.

By 10 a.m. we arrived — earlier than we had expected because the village chieftain we were to visit had moved another mountain peak, closer to us. He and the whole village of Atap had made the trek last month.

Bankop rules a cluster of thirty one-room, grimy huts, built on stilts. Although he has no children himself, he is anxious to open a school for the settlement. We sat on his porch — a rare luxury for any house — and chatted quite a while. Afterwards, we stopped to talk to the women and children. We wanted them to go to Lucy's school, inasmuch as one of their own seems out of the question now. Lucy's school is quite far, but



Christianity went to the Filipinos in 1521. Today 75% are Catholics

Igorots do not find distance a problem as we do.

"I want to come," said one woman, "but my husband would not like."

Sister Fidelis had a quick answer. "Bring your husband, too!"

I showed my crucifix to one woman who had never seen one before. She looked at it intently and shook her head sadly, when Lucy told her that it represented "good Jesus, who died to open the gates, so that we might enter heaven." We taught the woman the Sign of the Cross. She made it quite willingly.

These Igorots are beautifully simple. Lucy says many come to her

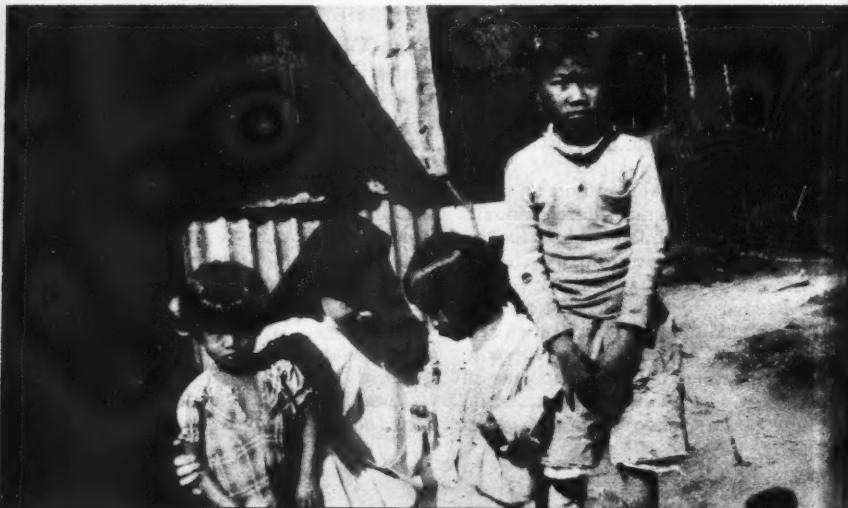


The Philippines is the ninth largest Catholic nation in the world. But China, India, and Japan have more than eight times as many priests! American priests and Sisters must be multiplied

doctrine classes simply out of curiosity, and then later receive the gift of faith. They make excellent Catholics. Just recently twenty-five were baptized, in a little ceremony near our convent in Baguio.

We stopped at Mutya's house. It has one room, ten feet square; the doorway is the only opening. A fire burned in one corner, on a layer of bricks placed on the floor. In the dark and smoky opposite corner, lay a man ill with malaria. He was wrapped in a thin, soiled blanket and was quite emaciated. He had no medicine or supplies of any kind, so Sister Fidelis promised to send him some.

The Igorots remind us of our American Indians. The men wear foreign jackets or shirts, usually with G-strings or shorts. The women wear brightly colored, woven skirts, with blouses of any heavy material. One woman had a skirt made from U. S. Army mattress ticking.





**These Igorot boys, not yet Catholics, are being instructed by the Sisters**

The Igorot children are in rags. Their parents are good to them, love them, feed them as well as they can, but think clothing them is a waste of money. The ones we saw were dressed in garments made of at least four different kinds of old material, sewed together with black thread. And of course nobody here is familiar with soap and water.

One of the boys walked a distance with us, to point out an easier way home. We passed many little barrios and stopped once or twice to visit people who are studying the doctrine in preparation for baptism.

Indeed, the road was easier. There

were several level stretches through pine groves; also, lots of nice, dry slippery, pine needles, which made the steep descents all too easy, but an uphill climb practically impossible.

I thought: "Should I slide down the hills and hope to catch a convenient tree before sailing off the edge of nowhere? Or would it be better to develop a permanent case of pigeon toes from trying to hold back?"

We rested at Lucy's house and had a native dinner — fried rice, cabbage salad, and carabao meat. Then we walked the last four miles, and reached home in time to say Office and thank God for the contacts made.

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**Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll P.O., New York**

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$\_\_\_\_\_ to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

As long as possible, I will send \$\_\_\_\_\_ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.



## The Five Hundred Got In

**I**N TWO YEARS, Maryknoll accepted more than five hundred new candidates. They are now preparing to serve as priests in the foreign missions. Our seminaries, however, were crowded with double-decker accommodations *before* the new five hundred applied. You can imagine our housing problem *when* they arrived!

God showed us a way. During the war, the Navy occupied the Newman School, at Lakewood, New Jersey. When the Navy vacated the place, Maryknoll was able to purchase the school for a fraction of what the erection of a new college would have cost. Last September, two hundred and fifty seminarians began their overseas training in the former Navy quarters.

We believe that God, who inspired these young men to devote their lives to the work, will inspire their fellow men throughout this country to help us pay for this school, which we are now using as a seminary.

Would it interest you to donate a student's room and thus to have a lasting share in the training of Maryknoll missionaries? If you cannot give the entire \$500 for a room, you can have part interest in a room by providing a portion of it, large or small. A room marked with a framed plaque makes a suitable memorial for a loved one.

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### THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

It is my wish to give \$ \_\_\_\_\_ towards the \$500 needed for a room at Maryknoll, Lakewood.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Old Folks' Day

by John F. Donovan

Your impression of an old Chinese gentleman is quite right if you fancy him sitting at leisure in the cool "Pavilion of Abiding Peace," smoking his water pipe and stroking the strands of his thin, white beard. But your impression is not complete. During the war years, we saw that the old gentleman could suffer long and patiently.

We knew that many an old Chinese gentleman had much to think about that wasn't cheerful, so we formed an "Old-Timers' Club." And now, without upsetting your picture of the venerable Chinese oldster, let me tell you of a party we had the other day.

It was the first annual meeting of the "Old-Timers' Club." Qualifications for membership are these: at least sixty years a-growing, and a good standing in the parish books.

After Mass and the Communion breakfast (and of course "the picture"! ) we had a few speeches, and then sailed right into the middle of things. Old Tiam Pac stepped out and gave a perfect exhibition of Chinese shadow boxing. Despite his ragged clothes and white beard, he had all the gestures and poise of a professional; in fact, he was a professional and for some years had taught young men the intricacies of this manly art. Tiam Pac was followed by an ex-pugilist who, although sixty-six years old, was still able to kick his feet like a Russian Cossack.

Our aged guests then "pinned-the tail on the donkey"; they fought for the empty seats in the "musical chairs"; they puzzled over conundrums; they drank tea and munched biscuits. All this, of course, was "behind closed doors," away from the prying eyes of youngsters. The old-timers could forget for a bit their sorrows and their troubles; they could put aside their venerable aloofness; they could roll up their long gowns and have a real good time. And they did!

The charter members were able to roll up their sleeves and "pin a tail"





## Peter Comes Home

by J. Michael Henry

This is the story of a Manchurian youngster named Peter Chien. It exemplifies the faithfulness of so many of our Chinese Christians.

Peter was one of the first destitute children taken into the orphanage here at Fushun. He was a bright little chap. As he grew up, he was accepted as a likely candidate for the junior seminary, and there I found him when I arrived in this mission, in 1935.

Peter impressed me so well that I offered to take over the responsibility of his clothing, medical, and vocational expenses. For several years he spent his vacations at my mission. He always made an excellent impres-

sion on the Christians and especially on the boys. In 1940, Peter — together with several other students of the seminary — was drafted. During his training period in the army, he wrote to me frequently. Then it became dangerous to correspond with foreigners, and I heard no more from Peter until after Pearl Harbor. While we missionaries were in the prison camp in Mukden, I heard through underground sources that Peter was an anti-aircraft gunner. Later that year, news came that he had left the army for parts unknown.

That was the last I heard about Peter until this month when he suddenly appeared here at our mission. The rest of the story is that, after leaving the army, he had made his way to his old home in Shantung, where he married. His wife died last year, leaving an infant son. By that time the Red army had taken control of Shantung. Peter said that he believed I would be back in Manchuria soon, and that he ought to be with me. He left his baby with a relative, stole through the Red lines, walked some 150 miles to Peking, and then took a train to Mukden. There he made inquiries and learned I was already in Fushun. He came immediately to see me.

Now Peter works with me, in charge of our re-established mission school. He does an excellent job with the children. However, he grieves because his own child is still in Red territory. He saves money and somehow finds ways to have it conveyed to the person with whom he left his baby. Some day, when conditions shall have improved, he will try to have the youngster brought here.



# *The* ROOKIES



**THE NEW and old meet in Shanghai, China. Bishop Simon Tsu, 80-year-old dean of all native Chinese bishops, greets three newly arrived Maryknollers—Fathers Kneuer, Putnam, and Lacroix. "All good things come in threes," said the Bishop, as he bestowed a blessing on the missionaries.**

ONE OF THE surprises that await the new missionary in Bolivia's northern jungle land is the people's attitude towards death. "I have attended many dying persons since I arrived here," writes Father Thomas P. Collins, from Conquista, "and I



find it hard to accustom myself to the nonchalance of the people towards death. Yesterday I went to bury a baby. The father of the child had prepared a little grave near his house. Beside the grave was the man's garden. As we were going to the grave, he stopped me and asked, 'Padre, what do you think of my cabbages?' After letting him know what excellent cabbages he had, I proceeded with the burial. So the little tot is buried not far from her father's onions and cabbages. For him and his kind, there is nothing incongruous about it. After all, death is just as common as cabbages and onions.

"The people here reason that they have seen death before, will see it again, and finally will experience it themselves. So why get excited? Children, men, and women come into a room and take a glimpse of a dying person; there is nothing solemn about the onlookers, nothing apprehensive.

"Perhaps these people have the right point of view. Even the custom,

## THEY TAKED

so popular in Riberalta, of having a band accompany the coffin to the cemetery (for the most part playing tunes that we should consider unsuitable for a funeral) has something Christian about it. After all, for a good Christian, death is nothing more than a going home. Therefore, shouldn't we rejoice and be very happy about that?"

AN OLD LADY of eighty-four years hobbled into one of our Manchurian missions near Fushun, dragging a wooden coffin behind her. She explained to Father Michael J.



Henry, of Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, that she was being forced to move into a very small room, and it wouldn't accommodate herself and her only worldly possession — the coffin.

"Father," she said, "would you be so kind as to mind my coffin for me? Then I shall be sure that I shall have it to hop into when God calls me to go to Him. I am an old woman,

# DEATH IN STRIDE

and there are only two things I desire in life: my coffin, and a priest to be with me when the time comes for me to leave this world."

Father Henry promised the grandmother that he would take good care of her coffin. "I will put it in my own bedroom for safekeeping!" he assured her. The missionary also told the old woman that he would make every effort to be on hand when the time should come for the coffin to be used. The old lady hobbled back to her little room happily.

"WHILE DEATH strikes quickly among all classes, here in Molina it appears that the rich are getting more than their share," writes Father James F. McNiff — of Peabody, Massachusetts — from Chile.

"Cucho, one of our most ardent

supporters, died yesterday," continues Father McNiff. "He was forty



years old, hale and hearty. He owned a beautiful house, which he had just finished. A sudden heart attack — and Cucho was no more. Just a few weeks earlier Don Jorge Pereira, owner of one of the biggest vineyards in Chile, died while reading the newspaper, and his wife followed him a few days later. Indeed, death comes like a thief in the night. It seems to be all about me, reminding me that good friends are awaiting me on the other side of the great divide."

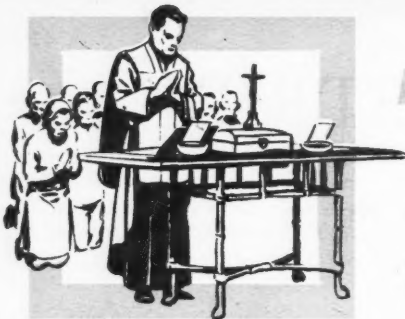


## THE MAN ON JOSS STICK ALLEY

A Maryknoller, Father Daniel McShane, a specialist in the rescue of abandoned babies, is the subject of this biography by Bishop James E. Walsh. "Not a dull page or a dull paragraph in the entire volume," says Father Gills of *The Catholic World*.

Longmans, \$2.75

Available at any bookstore and at Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll, N.Y.



## MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

- **At the Head of the Class** is where the teacher should stand in any school. But in Guatemala's Maryknoll school, he stands there because he has no desk at which to sit. Will some one contribute \$10 to buy a desk for this teacher?
- **Missioners Sleep** as best they can, at Crucero, Peru, where a bed and mattress are needed for the rectory. Only \$32 will provide them. Who will provide \$32?
- **Dignity and Beauty** are important, if a baptismal font is to be worthy of its solemn part in the great sacrament. Father Byrne, of Japan, asks Maryknoll to help him secure \$75 for a font for his mission church at Kyoto.
- **Hymns Sound Best** with organ accompaniment. A Maryknoll mission in Chile needs an instrument that costs \$90. Imagine *your* church without its organ!
- **Jungle Hazards**—malaria, snake-bite, becoming lost, broken bones — cannot stop the Maryknoller who is properly equipped. But a mosquito net costs \$6; a snake-bite kit, \$3; a compass, \$2; a first-aid outfit, \$15. All these items are needed urgently, for the safety of priests who must go into dangerous areas. Help us to supply them!
- **An Altar Rail** can be placed in front of the sanctuary of Father McGuire's church, in Central America, for \$40. This will be an impressive, inexpensive memorial.
- **A Chapel** is literally a small cape; the name is from the Latin word *capella*. The first chapel was a sanctuary in which was preserved the cape of Saint Martin. The latest, the newest — in fact, at present only a plan on paper — is the chapel Father Henry hopes to build in Manchuria. It will cost \$1,500. Who will contribute?
- **How Would You Do It?** How would you get food and medicine and altar fittings — and quick priestly aid in emergencies — to 40,000 persons, scattered over a mission parish? That is Father Flaherty's problem in Bolivia. It would be easy, if he had a chapel truck; but such a truck will cost \$1,500. Who will give \$10 toward it?
- **We Have Seen** during the past generation what wrong education, training in evil, does to youth. Bishop Escalante hopes to establish a school at Riberalta, Bolivia, so that Indian youth may be trained for civilization. The school will cost \$15,000. Contributions for it will prevent some wrong education in our own hemisphere.
- **Refugees from Vengeance** in olden days were safe if they escaped to the sanctuary of a church or chapel. Refugees from struggle, bewilderment, and fear can still find rest and comfort in sanctuaries. Father Collins wants to build a chapel for his African mission. Will you help, with all or part of the \$1,000 cost?



## MARYKNOLL IN AFRICA REQUESTS

Altar missal . . . . .	30.00
Censor and incense boat . . . . .	25.00
Altar candles (year's supply) . . . . .	30.00
Statues for church (each) . . . . .	75.00
Organ . . . . .	200.00
Religious articles for poor . . . . .	38.00
Medicine for natives . . . . .	65.00
Snake-bite kits . . . . .	3.00
Quinine . . . . .	10.00
Folding cot . . . . .	7.50
Duffel bag . . . . .	3.85
Pup tent . . . . .	10.00
Cookstoves (each) . . . . .	15.00

— When you make your will, remember; first your family, your personal obligations; then your parish and diocesan responsibilities; and finally, the missions. Ask for our free booklet — *The Making of a Catholic Will*.

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS**  
**MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.**



**MARYKNOLLERS, WHEREVER THEY ARE, say Mass each Friday for our Society's benefactors. Many Members tell us how happy they are to know that the Divine Sacrifice is offered for their intentions by every Maryknoll priest.**

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